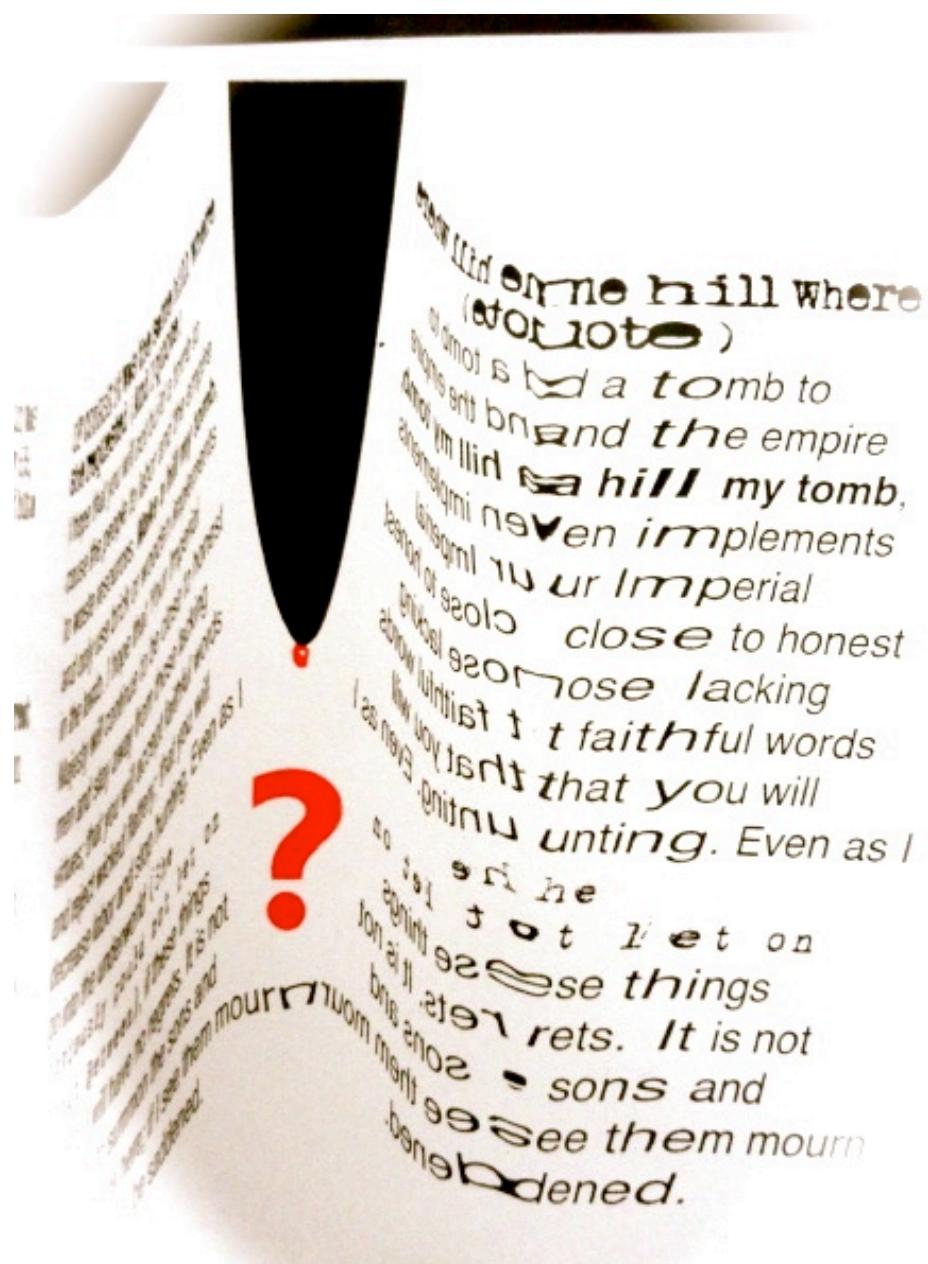


Aleatory Poetry by Cheryl Penn



Dorothy Orange.

<http://an-encyclopedia-of-everything.blogspot.com>

<http://collaborativecanto.blogspot.com>



Dorothy Orange

I **thOught** that it meant

I don't know what

Dorothy Orange-

That I would stay away?

?

What happens if

captures your spirit

and we're **lost** again

and **again**

under Red Chinese lanterns

glowing Umber

swaying in a **strange** breeze

tumbling vigilantes

drowning in depthless

puddles at zebra crossings

looking over her shoulder

at **too many yesterdays.**

I **thOught** that it meant

I don't know what

Dorothy Orange-

That I would stay away?

May I come in?

The final starts at 9

Don't go to the bottom
snapshots
lost in the past

moments needing protection
from fading forever.

Can you replace me

a double shift

I've done your laundry since
you're 6

Buck Off

eat your breakfast.

The music at **PRESENT**

sped up

the worlds first hydro magnetic energy
is powering up

but the trains are

so

s

l

o

Won orange grids designed by me.

When did you do this?

Why?

There's something you're
not telling me

you always look down
when I ask

Tell ME!

I need the truth.
I **NEED** to know.

it will **hurt** you

the genetics was **why** they ran away
over and over

at **7** every morning.

He wouldn't look at **me**
but a point

continually**Y**

over my shoulder
he wouldn't speak
except
in mon-o
syllables
never remembering
even my name.

Welcome **DOROTHY ORANGE**
to the **dark corridors**
of **home**
your eyes will adjust
its better that way as you face
your own cadaver.

Orange yesterdays

60 seconds to impact
this is not as I imagined
it would be.

you had such potential
such fierce intelligence

NO! - **you** only contacted me
through your averted assistants.

your childhood

had to be **sacrificed**
for something **greater**

have your hands
started to
twitch

Dorothy Orange?

a hyper occasion
of genetics
beginning at your age.

The greatest inheritance
I can give you
the ability to stay alive

in perpetual sunlight

on burnt **Orange** corner cafes

classic inbox
looking at the world
and
imagining it
better.

change is not a slogan
its persistence and
holograms
**hopes and dreams,
but not today.**

Music choice
The Blue Danube
**I thought it was your duty to
save me?**

Exciting news?
no,
stainless steel corridors
someone else's project I interrupted?
All thumbs

The cat had an **Orange knot**
did you key in my birthday?
We're a giant business you know
restoring investor confidence
did you have an
Orange breakup?

Plausible deniability
what was he thinking??
Did no-one declare him incompetent?

He needed you
to make
his choices clear
WHAT'S THE ONE THING?

THE ONE THING?
He wanted all the files
as I descended the steps
ghosts of 10 years -

I went to Brazil
on a merry-g-round
the model thing was ~~exhausting~~
as we watched boats
crash bridges
it was always
The Question.

It was always complicated

I have to go.

There's *something* on the corner

it wasn't his fault

the blue prints
with electrical eyes

Progress on **Orange**

stepping stones

the difference is
no one will miss you
missing secret stations.

Same train
EVERY morning

a secret station

Cell phone on silent
Hey - Can I see you?

The music tumbled down
familiar pathways
spontaneous outreach

the robot turned **red-orange**.
Its market day
can we salvage

the ground rules?

Stop humming **venom**
extraction

and don't tell me I look
amazing
The light is in my eyes
and
its **tears you're touching, not water**

f

a

l

l

s

He **WAS** an **electrical grid**
splendid ice-cream
rummaged whispers
have you been following

me? going no-where

just watching
transcribed brick walls
and

spiders
weaving stones.

Just once a day,
some days
every day
make sure

they drink from the **Orange cup**
of primordial pain -
an oral exam

for Oxford.
(the music was appropriate)

Vangelis?

I was sent away
I tried to forget
everything
including you

we were both dumped
pebbles crossing a river

skipping
like empty briefcases
spandex extra terrestrials
eventually
everything will be alright?

H G wells and the Invisible Man

ask them

THEY dropped
separate **Orange coins.**

I wanted them all to see **me**

but **no-one** **did**
he drowned in the first

hydro-magnetic power **surge.**

The image became
just data
and the city
died
just a digital realm.

*On opening the cupboards
in a digital realm
beware of
flying suits and*

breaking stories.

Its just DogTown, Boys.

Direct Nerve System Interface.

Re-directed trains

on **e m p t y** platforms

petri dishes

of completed downloads
a deal with foreign powers

**elimination of existence
from Rembrandts tomb.**

There's something else
I cannot be replicated
replicated
replicated
I have destroyed

My Boy

nothing in this world
to protect
what I have created
(Bach?)

A containment team dressed
by Zhang Xu

in orange???

The symphony was

magnetic

Do you need **me**?
I need you.

I had a friend once
it didn't work out

yeah, me too.

Radio **Active** Isotopes
Amazing what one can do

In a bedroom.

Are you still going to Oxford
he never made it to human trials.

I thought it would be
easier this way
- time to let it go?

share the **victory**

a **shot** at something great
while opening large handled glass doors

April 29th.

I need an **access code**
transfer the list

what did she want
on the **orange** river

the next move?

Remember **me?**
(Planet Suite).

a **defining** moment.

you're wrong
we're moving forward
with or without you
are you onboard?

music gathering **momentum**,
spilling over costly books
chaos
knocked on doors
the future lies in
Well Wells
and diagnostic tests.

You had it **ALL THIS TIME?**

There's no **reason**
we shouldn't be **together**

make an **Orange choice**
between two domes
crime scenes

while the **Other**
climbed into a manufactured suit
and desired
the **cut of** transmission lines.

Nebula's?

Repeat Planet Suite

(and ask Holst) **?**

ROD said
Rhythm Girl
Is this **enough** -
Jumper cables and Praying
Mantis

you know **you** need me -

don't hang up!

Two years everyone out
it was decided to fight
the **best** (?) way
they could
my question
can I count on you?

It's a **Word War** out there
Semantics shot to pieces
on chaotic wave lengths -
will the scholar-ships
still hold?

you phoned your father
and he **wanted** to spend some
time alone with
(her/them/him/she/HER)
She?

No disrespect! MAKE TIME!

She reminds me
of **Dorothy**
without red shoes
and yellow brick roads

its bright orange
beauty
and

We would have liked

everything

to change

the few last transcripts
but no one can feel sorry

- Dorothy -

I feel everyone has a right
to know.

Dorothy Orange

we were so SPECTACULAR
on supersonic skateboards.

Come my beauty,
rise,
though your underbelly
lies exposed.

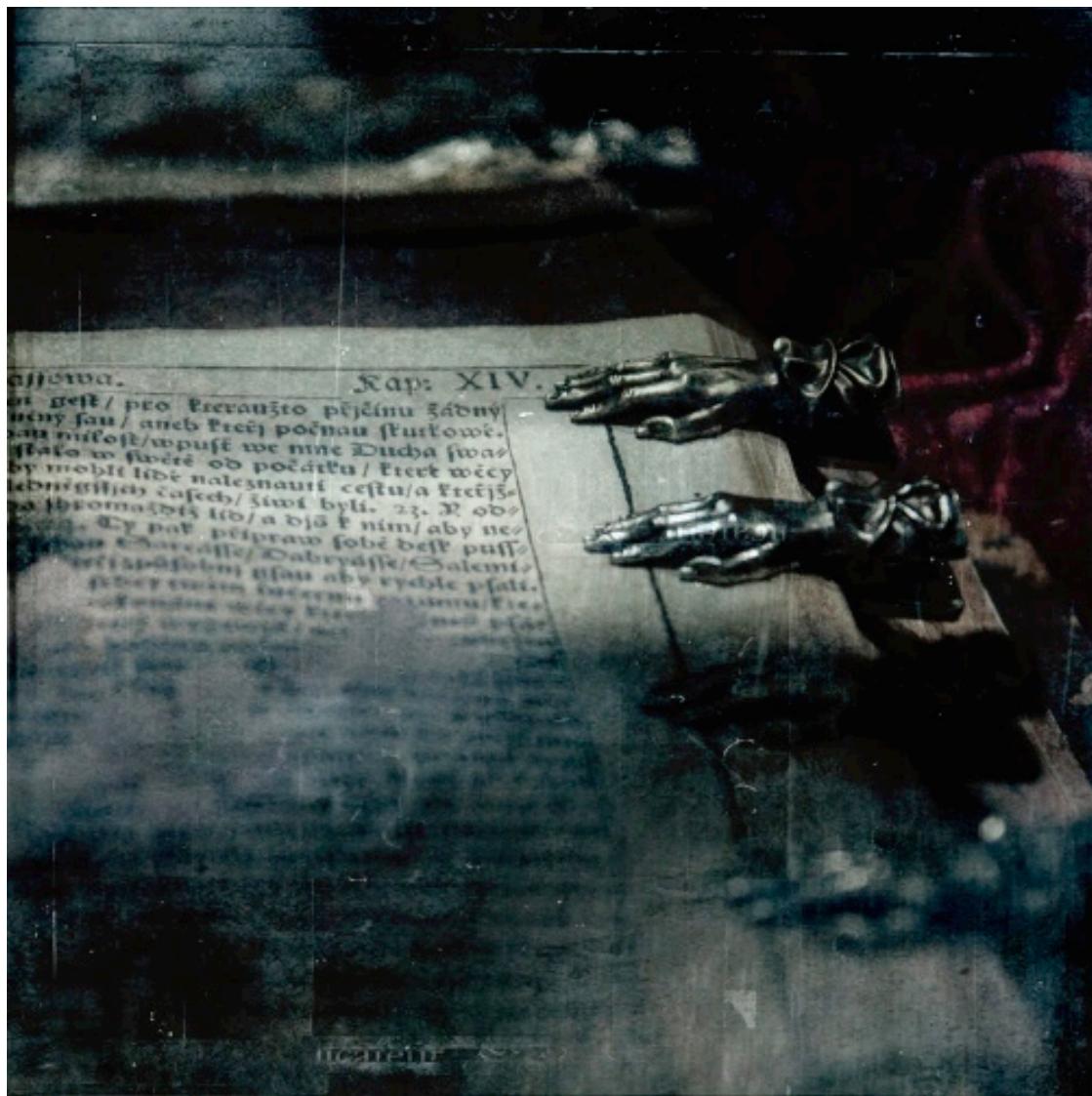
Vodka anyone?

We're on our way to **MARS**

flying clockwork pieces
(Not Orange).

Then/Now

by Cheryl Penn



Then/Now

Aleatory Poetry by Cheryl Penn

Image courtesy of Marie Wintzer

Then

the sun shone at night

There

and he asked

do you want another gift?

this around your neck will ensure

your

perpetual prisoner status.

with the mist rolling **so fiercely** and
winter so ferocious

even the galloping
could not hide
him - riding like the wind.

Just say the place
speak the name
ancient tapestries
woven with favours
of confession

he did not wish
to hear.

veiled in thought two moons of
fractured fretting light seeds of
life

humble beginnings

not so humble dreams

ballads on bright horses

the tossing
the poison spreads
are you done with floating?

be **careful** who you are fascinated by.

clouds streaming
through the channel
the tear between
here and there

I wonder

Can you help me?
we tried the settlement
up towards the circle
determination
of a decomposing mind.
all this land is yours
the presentation
of rain on far seas
floating falling
seeing what you see

crows and lace
waves and fire
the floating dead
the living who tremble.
flags in the wind juddering the
wounded with sunken eyes
move and select
the cat calls
the fury the stupor

too many risks
plaited fate
I'm looking for your king.

So far west I roamed
the fur so white
and who will farm the land,

the mist, the torches,

the boats on fire?

who will harvest
the ghouls

the secrets the ancient pain?

into the water he walked
while none watched

face down belly up he could not
choose

Stumbled faltered
fell.

A boon
A gift
ripe soil
a gift more precious
than gleaming stones
how was she to know
there was no intention
no intention of permanence
its just

she dreams a stranger
with no face
footsteps with no sound.
the drops fell steaming with senses
of expectations

tricksters

building with straw
their pagan way.
valley of dry bones -
inner city
torches overhead
a dark and desolate world
suffering

an enemy we cannot defeat
tumbling from the drains
scavenging
for
self destruction?

is the course set?
cellular explosions
marrow implosions **who can tell**
where and how reality compromises.

Monoliths sky-borne
gravel punch
silver tide adaption equation
they never stood a chance.

Now

Thank you for coming.

For believing?

He never heard the shot coming.
She slipped under the gate
a prisoner of his arms
I've given up.

crossing tracks like **Déjà vu.**

They were caught
by accident

un-admitted accomplices **her** door
snapped open

light ablaze with **death** masks
did **I** mention the back room?

He kept writing

‘betrayed’ on lines of his own making
the fruit sellers at the local deli
tried to stop**their** perceptual
kidnapping.

its time **baby girl**

that **deceitful song** bird
makes him think about his life
for a while.

A popular pagan sorceress
making dolls of people
with fingerprints on file
fraught with curses
for extra experiments
his look of surprise was caught on pause.

he let *slip* something he **shouldn't**
no time for regrets
this genre's too dark.

Azure seas sure LOOKED calm

while he stuffed Kevlar
between the cracks
of bloated backpacks.
No one ever found anything
down

THERE
before well,

they didn't have **THESE**
characters that criss-cross pages
-written in
-written out
wanted in certain novels
on tropics of spellbound Capricorn -
*where bubbles sunk
to the floor.*

Did you ACTUALLY need that Bigger Planet?

So what do you need
More than a Jackson Pollock?
He's mad
Can you reach him?

That's why you called me???
to locate your feelings???

Eyebrows rose
an orange glow
I liked working there.
Do you want another
state of affairs
in a balaclava?
Cap in hand
how did you hear about **this** job

Or

Do you think people **change**?
What people do you mean?
tunnel vision catches
being blocked out.
Do you love him?
he was kind to us -
all communication has ceased-
(Perhaps the author has a copy?)
you understand
I may be skeptical

one slip to explain his lies
get your house **in order**
and remember who told you why -

WE ALL SUFFER

production breaks
and departmental make-up
accompanied by mighty storms on
yellow brick roads -

ITS ALL A CIRCUS AFTER ALL.

speaking of which
A circus accident
knife throwers with
(perforated assistants)
the chinese girl
in black and white
shifting satellite images
Will you help me with
SOMETHING?

for all distressed buildings
circulating
like rancid sharks
(A novel conglomerate).

I'll **transform the word with a world**

or is it **the world with a word?**
physical altercations

put out for the night
he asked me to give you
a letter waiting for 8pm to come.

Its
frightening
how quickly you land
down

there.

What happened?
It was the lines
that caught my eye
my eye
no glass in sight
while rain swept windows
could not be cleared
by simple wiping -
no sire,
those were **just** my tears.
perhaps its time -

I'll start a new book.
Romans and heathens
slapping leather armor
strident march
a horrible clash -
one cant argue with
a tortoise.

Why are you here?
I don't know what to say
I knew it

vivid dreams\ a girl just like me
children visit their mothers before they were born
something missing

connections to our own bloodline

where did we come from
in a swan of orange groves?

Extend your patience my dearest
a paced disciplined certainty
a final interview?

**Expel all cherry stones
at interrogations or trials**

YOUR version of the truth
is what we recall -
my short bright life
on travelling clouds
mountain pacific.

SPECIFIC.

Future generations
depend
on men speaking

The Truth

a compelling case
for enjoying a life of
mystical order.
what must remain sacred

and **what** is that noise?
the voices of scarred ones
the lash

the whip
the hum of the dead.

what happens on **this** particular day
was in **your** best interests
It was?
Despite the tall steeples
and letters drafted
on window exits?
This *melody* has been rattling round
my head *the*
piles of ancient music
what key are we in?

What time signature?
Change on bar 5

flat on down keys.
Exercises in futility

such beauty
jump to 1973
FUTURE OR PAST?
Again,

Is it **NOW**
or **THEN**

(I mean right now)?

about

Then/Now

Free Verse

a·le·a·to·ry

'ālēərē, tōrē, 'al- /

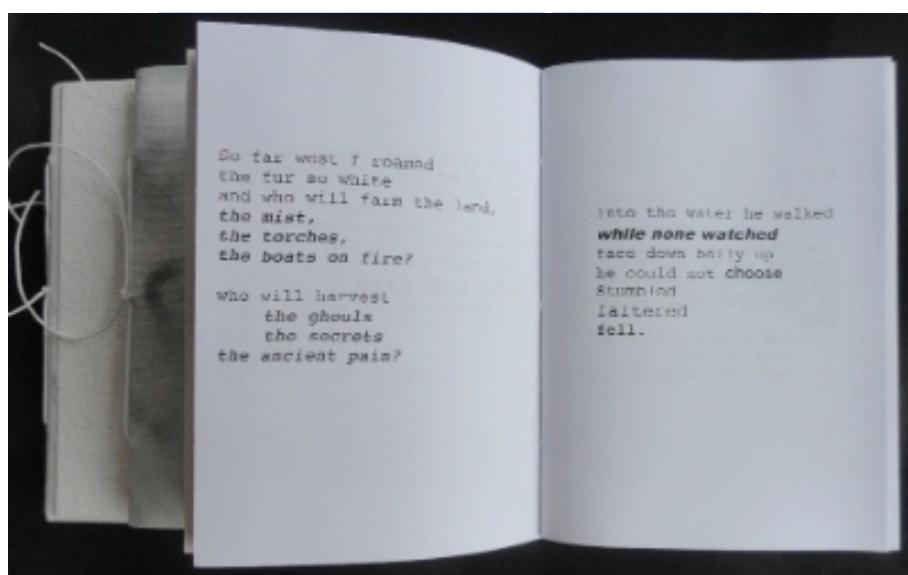
adjective

adjective: **aleatory**; adjective: **aleatoric** depending on the throw of a dice or on chance; random. relating to or denoting music or other forms of art (**in this instance writing**) involving elements of random choice (sometimes using statistical or computer techniques) during their composition, production, or performance.

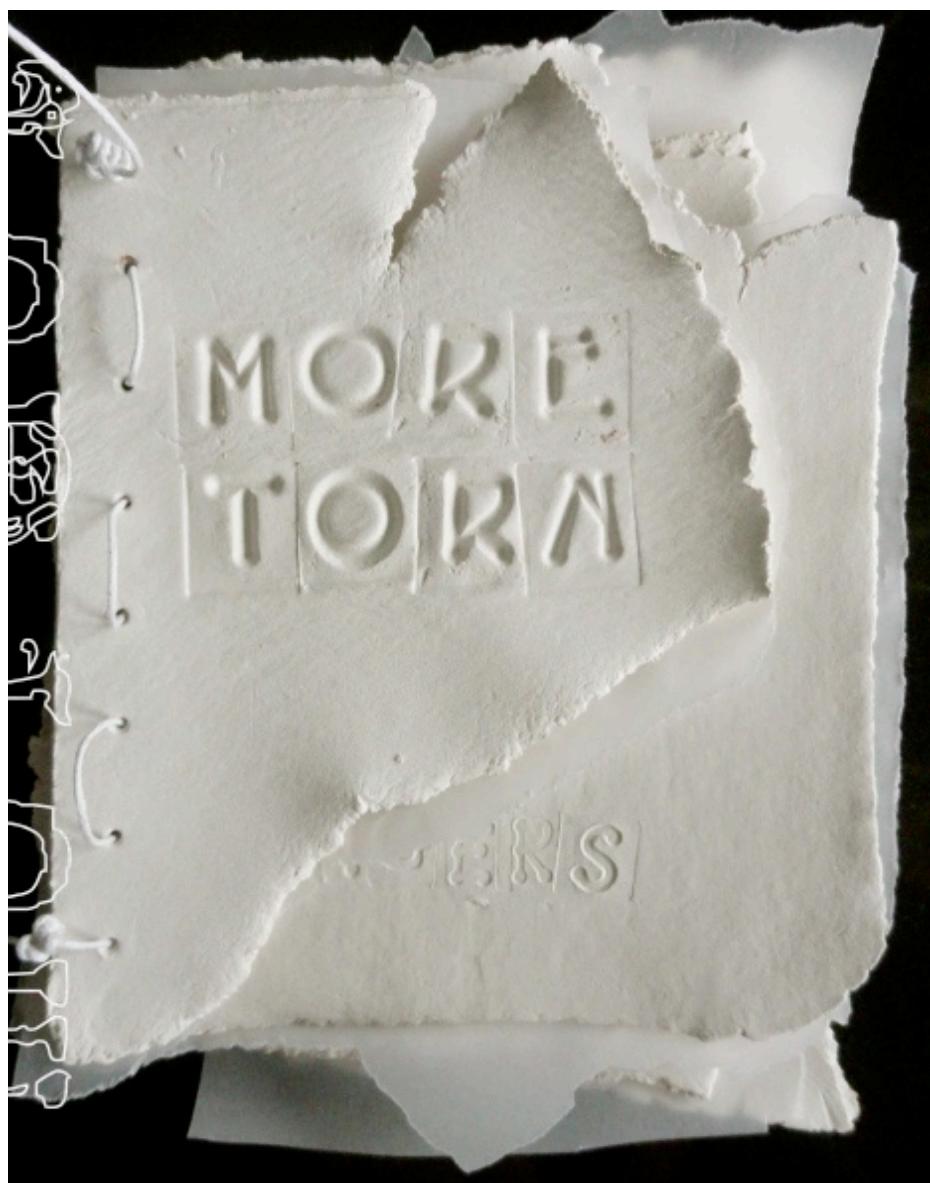
A series of 9 chapbook and 1 book. Online version available on issuu. courtesy of Marie Wintzer (Japan) taken in Budapest.

Book made for An Encyclopedia of Everything - The Expanded Version, May 2015.

<http://an-encyclopedia-of-everything.blogspot.com>
<http://cherylpenn.com/wpb/>



Untitled (but something to do with time and colour).



the moments -
they're all around us now
incorporeal pale
residual hours
the **core** of a minute
functioning at full capacity
while gun **shots** blow **doors**
and the Sent Ones
attempt
to flee.

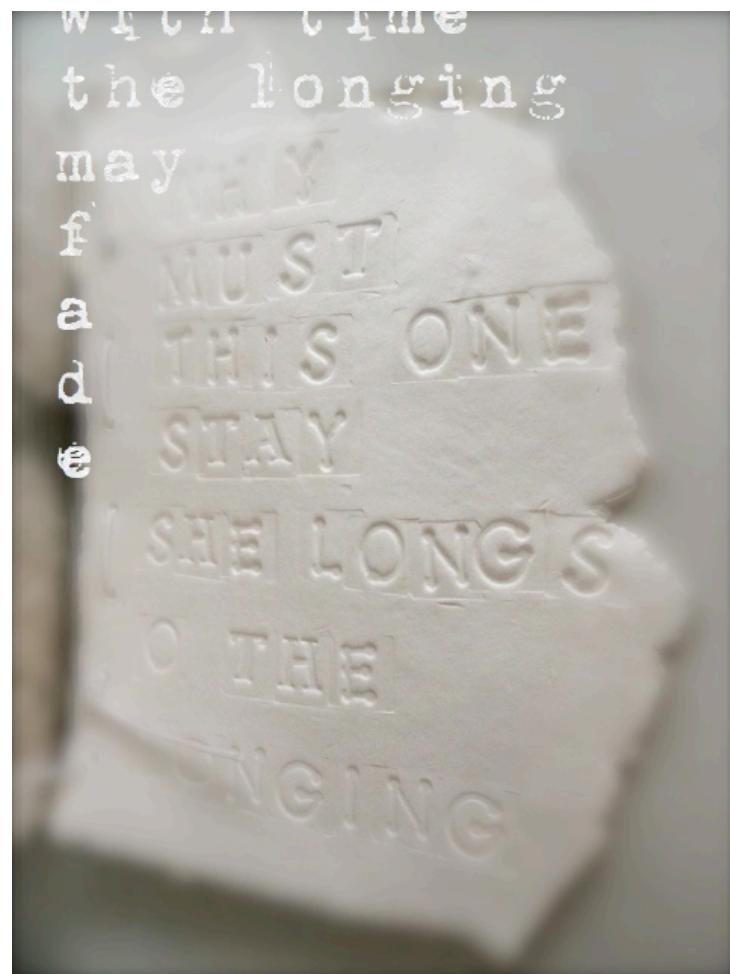
29 hours door to door
and 10 before that
the mind is unsettled,
tearful
blue-grey.

If I get to the place
where I cannot turn back
please -
come look for me
bring the Trojan horse
I'll need a side kick.
When trucks pull up
ochre dust rolls
along with the screams.

It was previous to this
The Mad set the code.
(dressed in **yellow**
on splattered pristine floors).

she didn't know
41 minutes 36 seconds
that **THIS** was where it all started.
What are you willing to do
in the end -

is One love all that matters?
lights flickered when he arrived
unexpectedly
a guarantee to fail
it was **Thursday**
when
we discussed
possible time travel.
I always **debated**
I **wanted** to show you
you CAN go back
to the end of the beginning.



How does it work
No - (rather) did it work?
everything started
to cool once more
it may have been awkward
but
there are never clean exits.

You tried to make right
don't wear guilt (**a night-black cloak**)
Back to lock-up
(more intelligence
than effort is worth).

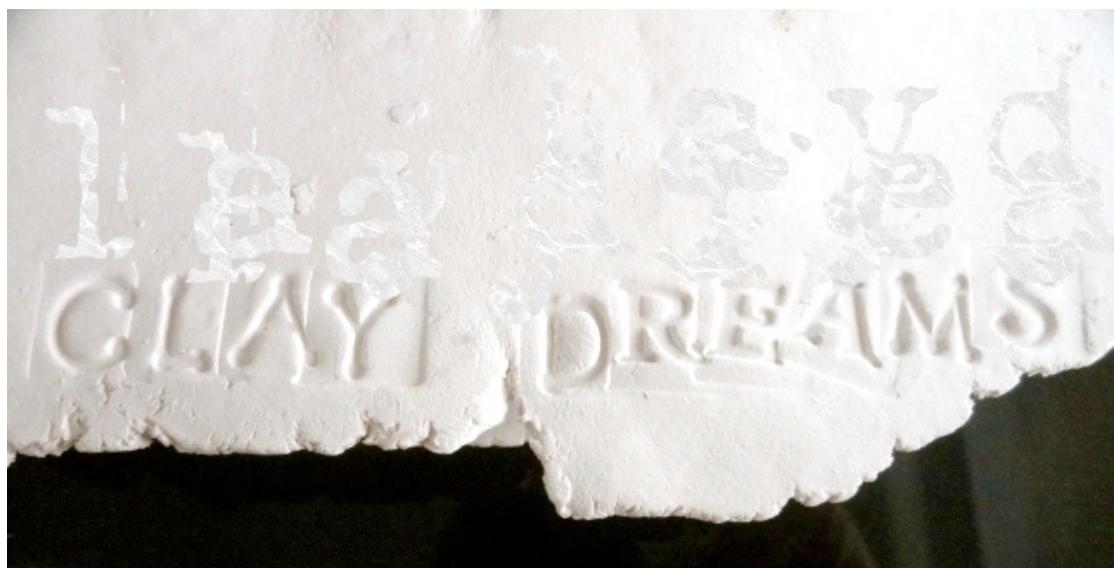
why wasn't there room?
The pages bind us
in one pallid volume
forever.

I'll look for you
(*I promise*)
down the rabbit hole
may I bring a torch?
I never thanked you
for what you did
pulling me away from that darkness
reeling in carmine streets
UNSURE BUT AWARE
even ***The Smart*** would scatter.

he called
so loud and shrill
but the protagonist
- he wouldn't answer
he had other fish to fry
besides; the red credits
gave nothing away
except
this was war.

an original series?
Or a pre-recording?
The rules don't seem to change.

Just little
fading
obscure
messages of senseless comfort.



What am I supposed to be looking at?
I can't fix my eyes
such a great

distance
so you're bringing it here?
carbon dated
grey
soft tissue
fragmented antique
I need stellar past samples
as we barter legacies.
the **blow** was unexpected
where is the army?
this is where you get

SCreaming shadows

and **gyrating** blows.

**Would you like to hear
my initial reports?**

91 years of memories
disappeared in a moment
even the distant memory of me.
Everything is forgotten in death
even the debt he owed.
They were friends
once
BUT MAN!!
the despair
we couldn't watch the rest.

so **they're** not with you?

eyes met

to settle

an unexpected outcome

loser takes all.

this time there was no heartbeat

on the other side

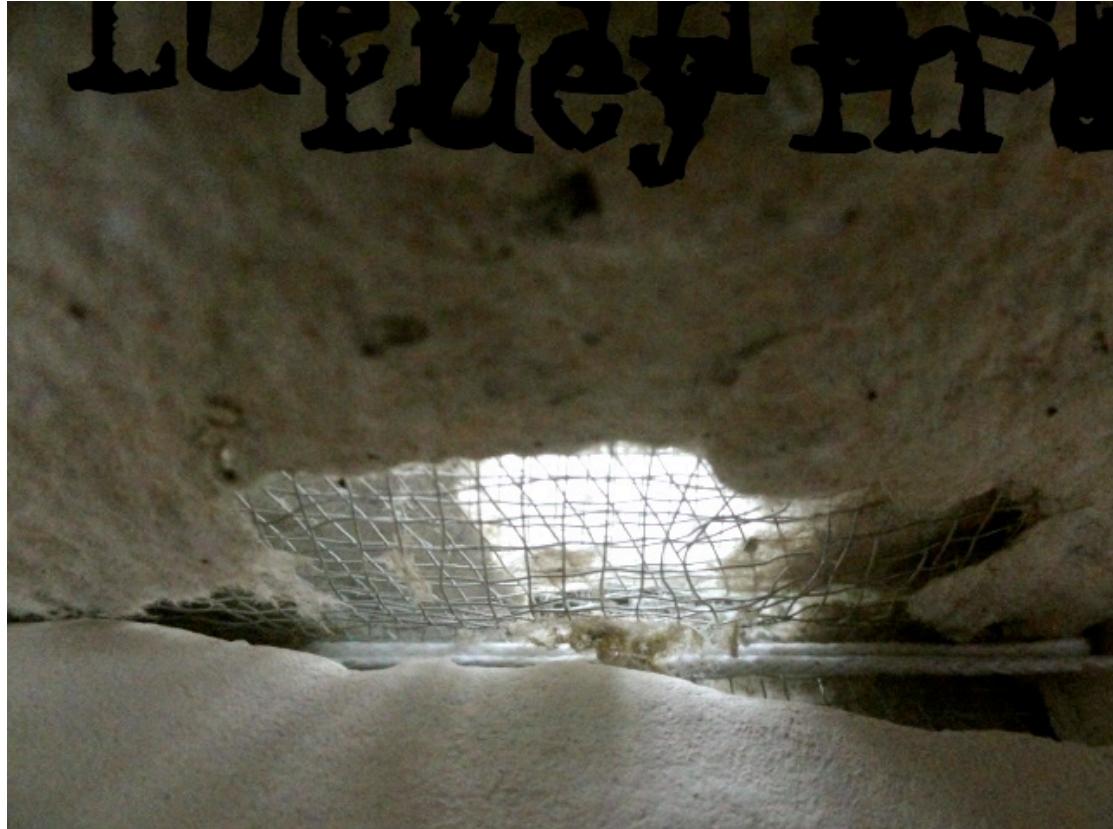
no orange vitals

he was dying

(and)

flickering spiders

continued to weave.



Skip a year
there was no valid name
do you NEED **dark** eyes
to identify the citizens
of battleships?

Barbed wire keeps **them** in -
ignore warnings at your peril.

Why did you choose **THIS** path
turning your back
on unopened envelopes
you didn't want to read
numbers on a wall
pages born in affliction
separation by existence
a traveller alone?

did you think you could view peace
eye to eye?
your discontent is your endurance.

Another **yellow slip sliding away**
opening doors
night trains
(If I knew you I'd remember)

1 second change
and events are forever not the same
planted dreams
before questioning
did he really cross the divide?
the walls were pale blue
(unexpectedly)
the **panic** button SO RED.

discover the voltage
which generates the past
cadmium power
that turned everything violet
he **couldn't** understand
his own surprise.
the memories grew dim
of things left behind
a future he changed
under the influence
of deluded defiance
the skyline a silent partner
of unresolved investments.

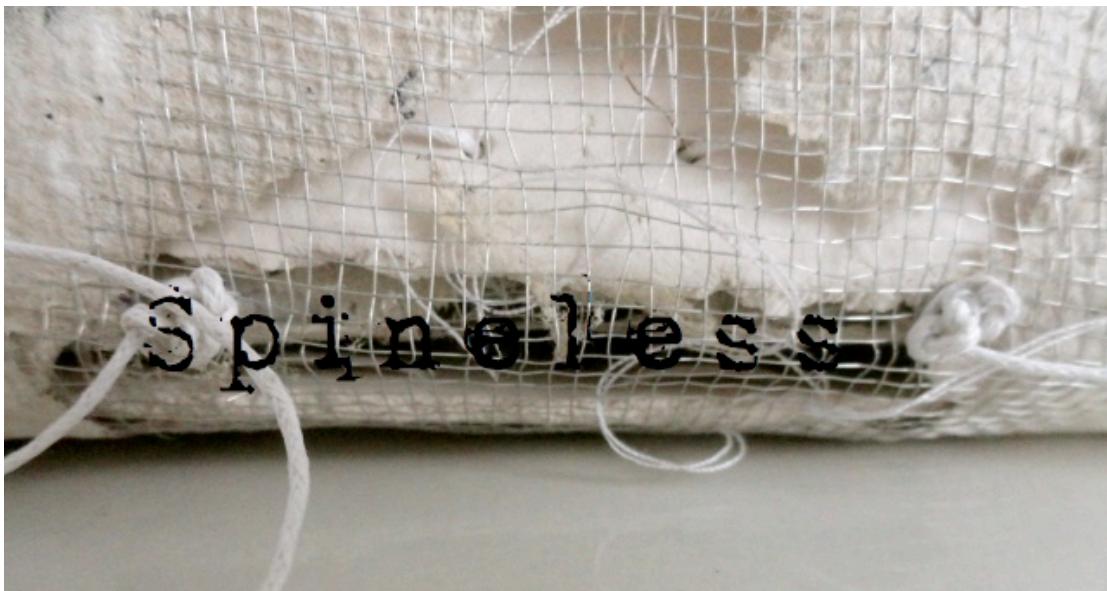
every time we climb these steps
to a green room
(locked)
nursery rhymes
haunt the air
a staged place
three in the mirror
contributing to research

May I?

Statements of platitude
reflected in plans
you wouldn't concede
difficult paths
you wouldn't tread
why should you?

Its near proof
of running twisted hair
malevolent fingers
a mother taken
so long ago
softly falling tears
no protection

you CAN be a daughter again.
and **The Traitor**
he secured our future
we **thought** was our own.
Back there we couldn't loose him
we overload and break
again
and again
is this the prediction
the resetting
the unexpected change?
We had to leave him there
in rooms on fire
after all that
- did we lose?



vulnerable to all
I am the clock
Look on my face
yes, I did everything for you
you wanted
and watched and demanded
we succumbed
you
You had NO control.

That **large** glass chronometer
a great space
Gothic
and hollow
chandeliers of missed opportunity.
Red stuffed armchairs
I was too slow
light through a closing door
scratched out faces
a petrified corpse
no blue Danube enterprise.

(la-la-la-la-**LA-LA-La-la**).

He was manipulating the past
to set the present
a call from **The Institution**
slamming doors
extinguished light
runners set for failure.
there is something
you're not saying
the cycle must happen
its time to unwind
to repeat and conquer
he was in this from the beginning
a real horror story
set in motion
but those participating
always pretending
always PLAYACTING.

they buy the **truth**
f o r c h e a p
a catapult
a life **just like yours**
that never ends
they needed keys
to the game of death
the site of all action
and she?
she never stopped not saying
all the words she meant.

Why cant we just anticipate
the beauty
of an uncertain future?
Destroying the world to save
one person you love -
is that what matters?
his trip was one way.
And Us?

We're all out of time.

Time flies past
minutes on a airborne clock
will it work out for me?
nothing functions
with only 2 minutes to go.

how much do you want it?
its so close
so close
its fragrance overpowers.

*(its a risk **always**
I wouldn't even touch it
said Alice
from inside the Trojan Horse).*



Negotiations

No -
None.

THE GREY UNTITLED EXIT MONOLOGUE

(Grey - the Ever increasing absence of light)

there is a risk in venturing into the unknown
pushing away boundaries and open chests compelled
for whatever reason pushing the familiar the
notion that the impulse is for the best **the**
small shards of glass children should
be seen and not heard - are you back?

tell me you're back (?) with forensic evidence
testing the water full moon high tide travelling
at speed fractures of pine a choice wrapping up
suppositions and sanity forever is a long time
turning up in the morning seeming okay.
responsible for the last time you spoke to a week
ago inbetween meetings, **working at beating**
every odd losing pieces along the way.

Nice enough
but those people
its all about thinking
thinking that if he had not been part of it he
would still be safe - that's a fathers job.
a letter
dropped

The Draft - its not really a surprise.

Options - none so horrific.

and,
WRY HAS NO VOWELS

**BOOK made for
An Encyclopedia of Everything - The Expanded Version,
July 2015.**

A series of 9 chapbooks and 1 book.

IMAGES: From a series of clay and handmade paper books I had intended to create into an installation. Boredom prevailed in the making. The installation never happened, but the images did.

<http://an-encyclopedia-of-everything.blogspot.com>
<http://cherylpenn.com/wpb/>

Free Verse

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adjective
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involving elements of random choice (sometimes using statistical or computer
techniques) during their composition, production, or performance.

